

WOMAN'S CLUB OF PALO ALTO
475 HOMER AVENUE
PALO ALTO, CA 94301



SCENE 1 IMPORTANT BEGINNINGS

SCENE: Founding of Women's Club-

Ante-room of old Presbyterian Church, June 24th, 1894.

CHARACTERS

Mrs. Mary Grafton Campbell, President

Mrs. Anne Paddock Wing

Mrs. D. L. Sloan

Mrs. M. Field

Mrs. Harriet Thoburn

Mrs. L. M. Hoskins

Mrs. A. P. Zschokke

Mrs. Minnie Bliss Culver

Mrs. Cora T. Warner

Mrs. A. T. Murray

Mrs. Ella Loder

Mrs. Gayheart, a fictitious character, always effervescing,
gay, always wanting parties. A Billie Burke type,
non-aging.

Others if desired.

SCENE: Table and enough chairs to accomodate all characters

At rise, Mrs. Campbell is seated at the table surrounded by papers, reading sheafs of notes and occasionally writing, very preoccupied. There is a bable of voices heard off-stage, then Mrs. Wing enters, followed by Mesdames Sloan, Field, Thoburn, Hoskins and Gayheart. The babble of voices breaks down to individual voices and Mrs. Wing speaks as they come on stage.

Mrs. Wing: Oh, I'm so glad we're all going to work together for our new villiage!

Mrs. Sloan (LAUGHING) Well I hope we can have sidewalks! In the winter we slosh in deep adobe mud and almost lose our shoes.

Mrs. Thoburn: To say nothing of trailing our precious skirts in the mud.

Mrs. Hoskins: And in summer it's so dusty we can't keep presentable.

Mrs. Wing: Sidewalks aren't everything! We need a water system

Mrs. Sloan: --- And sewers ---

Mrs. Thoburn: --- And schools ----

Mrs. Hoskins: --- And a library, and books and still more books.

Mrs. Gayheart (IMPETUOUSLY) What I want most is parties! And do you know what I want next?

ALL (IN A LAUGHING CHORUS) More parties.' We know you Mrs. Gayheart!

Mrs. Sloan (PUTTING AN ARM AROUND MRS. GAYHEART) And those will all come, too, Never fear!

Mrs. Wing: Yes, ladies! This is a day to go down in the history of our village! June 24th, 1894! The organization of the Palo Alto Women's Club.

Mrs. Sloan (THOUGHTFULLY) Very true, Mrs. Wing! But don't underestimate all you have been doing as chairman of the Mother's Club. If it hadn't been for you---

Mrs. Campbell (LOOKING UP) Sorry! I was so absorbed in my work I didn't notice you come in! Do you know how many will be here today?

Mrs. Wing: Twenty, I think.

Mrs. Hoskins (WITH VISION) Twenty women! What a responsibility we have! In a large measure we lay the foundation for the future of our fair city.

Mrs. Thoburn LAUGHING) Hardly a city yet! But give it time!

VOICES ARE HEARD OFFSTAGE

Mrs. Field: The others are coming now. I recognize Mrs. Schokke's voice.

THE OTHERS COME IN AND ALL GREET ONE ANOTHER

Mrs. Zschokke: You know, this is the day I have been waiting for! What good is a town without a Women's Club!

OTHERS: That's right! That's what I say! Well said! Very true! etc.

Mrs. Campbell: Then the sooner we get properly organized, the better the village will be.

Mrs. Zschokke: We're so fortunate, Mrs. Campbell in having you come straight to our midst from the well-known Women's Club of Chicago (APPLAUSE)

Mrs. Campbell: (STANDING UP AND RAPPING ON THE TABLE) Some day we'll own a gavel! Now, I suggest we all be seated.
(ALL FIND CHAIRS AND SIT DOWN) First, I would like to call on Mrs. Wing who has been chairman of the Mother's Club meetings for months to study our needs. Mrs. Wing!

(APPLAUSE AS MRS. WING STANDS UP BY DESK NEAR MRS. CAMPBELL WHO SITS DOWN)

Mrs. Wing: Friends! Women of Palo Alto! We desire to state the aim of our new organization simply and directly. We want them to be forever in the minds and hearts of all members, both now and in years to come. The purpose of the club is three-fold: These three: self-improvement, mutual help, and community work. Some years one purpose may seem paramount. But they are all interwoven so that we must never forget These Three.

(PUTS A SHEET OF PAPER ON THE TABLE AND GOES TO HER SEAT. THERE IS APPLAUSE AND ALSO SURREPTITIOUS WIPING OF MANY EYES)

Mrs. Campbell: (STANDING) Thank you, Mrs. Wing. Now, for a temporary constitution! Many of you have perused this adaption of the constitution of the Chicago Women's Club, and believe we can be guided by it. (SMILES) Of course we don't expect to do every thing that the Chicago Women's Club does, at least not for a while. I suppose the first business we should transact is election of officers. Nominations are in order for president.

Mrs. Wing (STANDING) Madam Chairman! In order to save our precious time, my committee has the following officers to suggest. (READS) President -- Mrs. Campbell, Vice President -- Mrs. Culver, Secretary -- Mrs. Warner. (PUTS PAPER ON DESK AND SITS DOWN)

Mrs. Campbell: Thank you, Mrs. Wing! Are there any further nominations?

Mrs. Zschokke: I move the nominations be closed, and the officers declared elected.

Mrs. Sloan: Second the motion.

Mrs. Campbell: The motion has been made and seconded. Those in favor say Aye. (CHORUS OF AYES) Opposed, the same. Then Mrs. Warner will you please take the minutes for the meeting? We must keep a careful and accurate record of our organization for future generations to enjoy.

Mrs. Warner (MOVING UP TO DESK AND TAKING PENCIL AND PAPER FOR NOTE-TAKING) It's so wonderful after all our effort to have achieved our purpose of forming this Women's Club. I am highly honored to be its first secretary.

Mrs. Campbell: And I am honored to be the first president of this young organization. Now, don't think I'm going to take time to make a presidential speech, ladies! This is the only point I want to make right now. Palo Alto was recently incorporated, and our village has City Fathers. As women, and mothers, we realize that every child needs two parents. (LAUGHS PLEASANTLY) I am delighted to say that no longer need our fair Palo Alto be a half orphan. Today, it has City Mothers as well as City Fathers to look after its welfare. (APPLAUSE) And now, our work has just begun! There are several committees I would like to appoint now. Mrs. Murray, will you head Art and Literature?

Mrs. Murray: With pleasure, Madam President. It should be a delightful task with Stanford University to draw upon for speakers.

Mrs. Campbell: (LOOKING AROUND) Mrs. Hoskins, you are interested in Education and Science. Will you be chairman of that committee?

Mrs. Hoskins: I'll be glad to Palo Alto will need expanding schools as it grows. It will be a chance to put our three aims to work.

Mrs. Campbell: Mrs. Zschokke: Will you guide the committee on Philanthropy?

Mrs. Zschokke: Of course, I will, Madam President. I'm not quite sure what work comes under that head. If you mean the department of good works I would like to make some suggestions right now! (APPLAUSE) Our streets ladies! We can't allow refuse on our village streets! Don't you think we need containers for the rubbish?

Others; Yes, Yes! That's right! (ALSO APPLAUSE)

Mrs. Campbell: I see I have chosen wisely for this committee. Are there any other suggestions for Philanthropy?

Mrs. Loder: I suggest the planting of trees along the village streets.

Mrs. Field: But who will water them?

OTHERS: We'll water them!

Mrs. Zschokke: Of course we will. We'll organize a committee to water every tree we plant.

Mrs. Campbell (GESTURING GOODNATUREDLY) I can visualize our club members forming a bucket brigade to water the trees. But we can do it, ladies! We can do any task we are called upon to perform. --- There's still another committee, that of home and household economics. Mrs. Sloan, will head that committee won't you?

Mrs. Sloan: Gladly, Madam President. Somehow I had hoped to have a committee called The Village Improvement Committee!

Mrs. Campbell: Perhaps later you can take that over to replace home and household economics. It seems to me a village Improvement Committee really crystallizes a great deal of what we expect to do.

Mrs. Gayheart (POPPING UP) Oh, Madam President! Please don't forget parties! After all, how can we ever realize our three aims without social life! (APPLAUSE)

Mrs. Campbell: Don't worry, Mrs. Gayheart. As long as you are a member of the Women's Club I feel sure we'll never forget our social responsibilities.

Mrs. Gayheart: (EFFUSIVELY) Oh thank you so much! Thank you again! You see I know so many good things to eat (SITS DOWN)

Mrs. Campbell: There's no doubt of that!

Mrs. Zschokke: Schools will be one of the first things to which we must lend a hand.

Mrs. Sloan: Certainly schools are of greatest importance to all mothers who may consider making Palo Alto their home.

Mrs. Campbell: You're right, Mrs. Sloan! Our club will always help in educational fields. Palo Alto must be known as a village of excellent schools. And of course as a village with the finest Women's Club in all of California. (APPLAUSE, CURTAIN)

Scene II. SCHOOL DAYS 1896

Characters

Mrs. Zschokke

Mrs. Sloan

Miss Green (High school teacher)

Mrs. Gayheart

Tom (a gangling boy with a drawling manner of speech)

Sally, an enthusiastic girl

Sam

Dick

Extras as desired, to make up the folk dancers. Last four characters may be from the High school group.

Scene. A bare set.

At rise the characters comprising the old Stanford Girls' Glee Club in their white middies and skirts sing School Days. At the completion of this, Mrs. Zschokke is seen sweeping, and Mrs. Sloan and Miss Green are bringing in tables and chairs.

MRS. ZSCHOKKE: (STOPPING HER SWEEPING AND WIPING HER FACE) Who would have thought two years ago when I became chairman of Philanthropy that I'd be doing sweeping in its name?

MRS SLOAN: (LAUGHING) Or moving either! I think anyone who gives up her home in order to have it used for a high school should go down in history as a real philanthropist!

MRS ZSCHOKKE: Nonsense! I couldn't have my children doing all the distance to San Jose every morning to school, could I?

MISS GREEN: Whatever name you call it, ladies, you are doing a wonderful work.

MRS. ZSCHOKKE: Well--all I did was to build a little cottage in back of my house here and now I'm moved into the cottage. Palo Alto High School had to have more than a name, you know.

MRS. SLOAN: (ARRANGING CHAIRS) Our high school has a building of its own now. Its first building! I do hope the children appreciate it.

MISS GREEN: Don't expect too much at first. Most likely some of the boys would rather fish in San Francisquito creek!

MRS. ZSCHOKKE: (SIGHING LOUDLY AND SITTING DOWN A MOMENT) Which reminds me of another cherished dream of philanthropy. I had visions of San Francisquito creek being landscaped and beautified just like the river Thames. (GESTURING AS SHE DESCRIBES IT) Miles of waterways stretching from Searsville Lake to the Bay! A bicycle and bridal path winding along beside it.

MRS SLOAN (GENTLY) Yes, I know! And instead of that the city must plan for sewers and water supplies.

MRS. ZSCHOKKE: (GETTING UP AND STARTING WORK AGAIN) Of course! And schools, too. There's no time to waste dreaming when there's work to be done.

MISS GREEN: (LOOKING OUT R.) Here comes Mrs. Gayheart and Sally!

SALLY: (ENTERING AND LOOKING AROUND) Where are all the students?

MISS GREEN: You're early, Sally. They'll be along soon.

MRS. GAYHEART (EFFUSIVELY) Oh ladies! I saw some of them along the way. Do you know what I did?

OTHERS: No! What? Do tell us! (ETC.)

MRS. GAYHEART: I could see how much they hated to give up their freedom, especially the boys. So I told them to hurry and we'd have a party the first day. Sort of a housewarming, you know!

MISS GREEN (IN CONSTERNATION) A party! But we don't have any party ready!

MRS. GAYHEART: Oh that's all right! I'll go home and prepare refreshments. Some of my favorite foods. You know how I love a party!

OTHERS: Yes, we know!

MRS. GAYHEART: And they can have a program and dance until I get back.
(EXITS L.)

MISS GREEN: Then we won't need any more chairs if we have a party.

SALLY: Won't that be fun? It's sure to be a good party if Mrs. Gayheart has her way. I know what I'll do! I'll give a recitation.

MISS GREEN: Are you sure you can do it?

SALLY: Oh yes! I learned the one that was given at the last Book Social where they were raising money to buy books for the library we're going to have. (SHE GESTURES ELABORATELY)

TOM: (SHUFFLES IN. HE IS BAREFOOTED AND CARRIES HIS SHOES TIED AROUND HIS NECK. HIS OVERALLS ARE TURNED UP AND HE IS CARRYING A FISHING POLE) Say! What's all this about a party?

SALLY: (ENTHUSIASTICALLY) That's right, Tom! You'd better put that fishing pole away and get on your shoes and socks.

TOM (STARTING OUT L.) Shucks! I'd rather go fishing!

SALLY: Oh, no, Tom! You don't want to be ignorant, do you?

TOM: Oh, I don't know! It's lots easier!

SALLY: You just have to be educated. You'll want to go to Stanford some day.

TOM: Why?

SALLY: So you can be somebody. What do you expect to be when you grow up?

TOM: (TURNING BACK BEFORE HE GOES OUT) I'd like to drive a stage with the fastest team of horses between here and Hayfield, or maybe even to San Jose. (GOES OUT)

SALLY: (DREAMING) It's going to be wonderful having a High School all our own!—and new books in the library we'll have some day! When I grow up,—I'm going to join the Women's Club too— if they'll have me.

MRS. ESCHMEKE: I'm sure they'll have you, dear. The Palo Alto Woman's Club was organized with these three aims, you know. Self-improvement, mutual help, and community work.

SALLY: (IMPRESSIONED) Oh! it sounds wonderful! (SOUND OF MUSIC L. INTERRUPTING OFF T O R) That must be the others coming now. Don't forget, I want to recite! Mother says I have real history-omic talent,—whatever that means!

(THE BOY AND GIRLS COME IN. THE MUSIC STOPS AND ALL THE YOUNG PEOPLE GREET THE TEACHER)

MISS GREEN: (ANNOUNCING) Before we begin dancing, Sally has promised to honor us with a delightful recitation! (APPLAUSE. SALLY TAKES THE STAGE AND RECITES BABY'S FIRST ONE WITH VERY EXAGGERATED GESTURES. THE APPLAUSE IS TERRIFIC. MISS GREEN LOOKS OFF R.) I see Mrs. Gayheart returning with refreshments, so you boys can strike up the music for the dancers. At the end of the first dance, we'll serve you in the other room! (GENERAL APPLAUSE. MUSIC BEGINS. FOLK DANCE RESUME THEIR DANCES.)

(CURTAIN)



Sc.3 - P.1.

Scene III Book Lovers. Library Reading Room. 1897

Characters:

Mrs. Gilbert
Mrs Corbert
Mrs. Zschokke
Mrs. Campbell
Mrs. Gayheart
Tom
Sam)
Dick) High School children, same as Sc.2.
Sally

Scene: Simple set, single bookcase moved in contains books or dummy books. Table L center. High chair containing life sized doll slumped over as if asleep. Small children sitting on floor right, eating lunch which Mrs. Gilbert gives them before returning to her table which has books on it. Mrs. Corbert and Mrs. Zschokke bring more books in.

Mrs. Corbert: Where shall we put these books, Mrs. Gilbert?

Mrs. Gilbert : Over on that shelf, I guess.

Mrs. Zschokke: Such wonderful volumes! We are accumulating quite a library, aren't we?

Mrs. G: Indeed we are. And the children don't seem to mind coming to spend the day here when we take our turns as librarians. They think it is quite a lark. It's almost like a day nursery.

Mrs. G: And until we can afford a librarian, we'll all have to take our turns in the reading room.

Mrs. Z.(as she and Mrs. Corbert dust the books with loving care)
After all, a town is judged by its schools and its library! You've certainly done a great deal for the library, Mrs. Gilbert. It owes a great debt to you.

Mrs. G. (shrugging her shoulders) It's nothing compared to what you have done for the high school, Mrs Zschokke.

Mrs. Campbell: (enters with Mrs. Gayheart carrying more new books)
How is our reading room today, Mrs. Gilbert?

Mrs. Gil: (looking first to right and then to left) Not so busy during the noon hour. A few people reading over there. (points offstage) and over there.

unf
Mrs. Gay: (unloading her books on the desk with her usual enthusiasm) Here's a load of books by Robert Louis Stevenson.--- You know, the part I like best about library work is the book socials. This Stevenson tea brought us money for a lot of his books. It was worth more than the 10¢ admission charge. Of course I think any party is cheap at half the price.(perplexed)No, that's not what I mean. I mean at twice the price --or do I?

Mrs. Gil: (looking them over) These books should be very popular with both old and young.

Mrs. Gay. (going over to Mrs. Campbell) I have a suggestion to make to you since you've been president of the Woman's Club from the beginning.

Mrs. Camp: (smiling) Maybe I can guess it.

Mrs. Gay: Oh no! You'd never guess! I think the club should be ready to have a good time now that all the work is done. After all, we do have the high school running smoothly, and now the library is going. (gestures)

Mrs. Camp; Why Mrs. Gayheart! We have just started! Our work has scarcely begun. We'll work for a real library with a building of its own, -- and maybe even a paid librarian.

Mrs. Z: And someday we may want a clubhouse. A Woman's Club house! We mustn't forget our three worthy aims! Self-improvement, mutual help, and community work.

Mrs. Gay (insistently) Well, I think we can keep all these three by having more parties. Besides, think of all the fun we'll have. More parties and still more parties.

Mrs. Gil: (laughing) There's something in what you say.

Mrs. Gay: (lifts tremendous volume from the shelf and examines it) Oh my! What a heavy book. (she stumbles over reading the title) Principles of Algebra---Formula in relation to engineering something or other! Why Mrs. Gilbert! Did we spend our book social money on this?

Mrs. Gil: (laughing) Of course not. Some professor donated it.

Mrs. Gay: (indignantly) I should think he would. Now why doesn't someone donate some Nick Carter books? I've heard they're terribly exciting.

Mrs. Z: Hush, Mrs. Gayheart. Don't let anyone hear you say such a thing. We must set a good example to the youth of our community.

(The young people enter. Tom has a copy of the POLICE GAZETTE sticking out of his overall pocket)

Sally: I told the boys what a wonderful library you had here. They wouldn't believe me. (the boys look at the shelves, touching the books with awe)

Tom: (rebelliously) But I don't want to read Shakespeare. We have to read that at school. Don't you have anything about Jesse James?

Sally: (shocked) Why Tom! In our new library?

Sam: (pulling magazine out of Tom's pocket with a laugh) You'd rather read this, wouldn't you?

Tom (sheepishly) Hi! That's not fair. (They scuffle for it)

Sally: Why Tom! Where did you get that?

Sam. Yes, Where did you get it? That's what I want to know.

Dick (enviously) That's what I'd like to know, too.

Mrs. Gil: Let me see it! (Sam hands it to her) Hmmm. The Police Gazette so that's what you enjoy reading, is it?

Tom: Well--It's exciting, anyway! More than you can say for some books.

Mrs. Gil: Do you like adventure stories?

Tom: (as the other boys and Sally crowd around the desk) Do I? Say! If I just had a good adventure story ----

Mrs. Gil: (picking up a book) Take a look at this book.

Tom: (picks it up and reads) Treasure Island. (glances thru it) Why it looks --- it looks--- (he seems entranced as he stands there reading)

Sam: Say! Haven't you another copy?

Mrs. Gil. No more copies of Treasure Island. Here's another one by Robert Louis Stevenson. You boys would be even more interested to know that Stevenson lived in San Francisco for a while.

Sam: He did? Really? (looks at book) Kidnapped! Jiminy Cricket! Why, this sounds like an exciting book. And look inside it. (he too becomes engrossed)

Dick: (looking over his shoulder) I didn't know there were such books. How about one for me?

Mrs. Gil: Here's another one. The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

Dick: (reaching for it) A mystery story! Just what I like!

Sally: I want one too. Girls like adventure books too. All the young folks will want to read them.

Mrs. Gil: ~~XXXXXX~~ We have only one copy for each of these, --but---

Mrs. Gay: (coming over to desk) Just as I thought. We must have another book social to provide more books for these starving minds.

Sally: Not only starving minds, Mrs. Gayheart. We'll all come to the socials.

Tom: (looking up for the first time) Say! This beats the Police Gazette all hollow.



SCENE IV - Sept. 22nd., 1916.

CHARACTERS:

Mrs. Coburn, President of the Club.
Mrs. Gayheart,
Mrs. Lakin,
Mrs. Loder,
Mrs. Dixon,
Mrs. Buchan.

There is an intermission in the dance given the opening night of the new clubhouse. On the stage there are baskets of flowers that have been presented to the Club by well wishers. At the left of the stage is a group of dancers. Mrs. Coburn is standing at the right of the stage with Mrs. Gayheart.

Mrs. Coburn:

I didn't dream that we'd have such a big crowd for our housewarming. Just look at them out there.

Mrs. Gayheart:

Everything has gone so beautifully. It's such a gay party.

Enter: Mrs. Lakin -- right. She's very excited.

Mrs. Lakin:

Really there's a dreadfully big crowd around the punch bowl out there. (she looks out right) People can't even get close to the table.

Mrs. Coburn:

(Looks off right) Gracious! What a jam. We should have another table, but where we'd put it, I don't know. We certainly couldn't get it in out there.

Mrs. Lakin:

We might put it in this corner.

Mrs. Gayheart:

There's a table in the hall that Mrs. Dixon brought over. I'll get it. (She darts off right).

Mrs. Lakin:

Isn't it wonderful to have such a big crowd for our housewarming.

Mrs. Coburn:

Let's move these flowers back to make room for the table. After waiting so long for this party, we simply must have it go right. (The two women busy themselves moving the flowers back).

Mrs. Lakin:

Yes, for twenty years we've worked. It's like a dream come true for us to be in the Clubhouse. (Mrs. Gayheart backs onto the stage carrying one end of the table. Mrs. Dixon is on the other end followed by Mrs. Loder carrying the cloth and Mrs. Buchan with a tray of small glasses.)

Mrs. Gayheart:

Isn't this fun! Now that we finally have the Clubhouse, we must give lots of other really gay affairs!

Mrs. Dixon:
(severely) We'll have to use the Clubhouse for other things than parties. Our study groups will meet here.

Mrs. Coburn:
Set the table here. I'm so embarrassed that we didn't have everything ready, but I truly didn't expect this big crowd.

(The women busy themselves spreading the cloth and putting the glasses onto the table, talking as they work.)

Mrs. Leder:
But aren't you pleased at such a turnout? The party is a success and the Clubhouse is simply beautiful! Congratulations, Madame President!

Mrs. Coburn:
Don't congratulate me! You've all done as much as I did, but it is lovely, isn't it? It fulfills our dreams, and it isn't a bit too far out.

Mrs. Buchan:
The location is perfect. I don't think that it should be right down town.

Mrs. Lakin:
When we bought this lot twenty years ago, we were worried to death because it was way out on the edge of things.

Mrs. Gayheart:
We've surely worked hard raising the money for it. What a busy twenty years it has been, but now we can just relax and just have fun enjoying it.

Mrs. Dixon:
I don't suppose we'll ever relax. Work always turns up for us.

Mrs. Coburn:
Yes. I feel that we must get started on the Belgian Relief. This European War is dreadful.

Mrs. Gayheart:
And they say the Armenians are starving too. It's incredible. Some people think that we might get into this war, too, but, of course, that's ridiculous.

Mrs. Buchan:
Yes, and I don't think we had better relax too much until we get the house paid for. That is a mountain.

Mrs. Coburn:
And we must furnish the house.

Mrs. Dixon:
We simply must have a piano.

Mrs. Gayheart: (Crestfallen).
Dear me! We've only begun our work. (She brightens) We'll have to plan a benefit Auction Bridge Party. I do like bridge. It's so much more exciting than Whist.

Mrs. Loder: (Laughing)

Well, let's forget the debt for tonight anyway. Let's not cross bridges until we meet them. We've crossed a big bridge just getting these four walls up and the roof over our heads.

Mrs. Lakin:

I agree, for one night anyway, let's just enjoy the party and admire the house.

Mrs. Gayheart:

There, it's all set. I'll go get those dainty little cakes.

Mrs. Dixon:

I'll bring the punch.

Exit Mrs. Gayheart and Mrs. Dixon right.

Mrs. Buchan:

You know it will be a pleasure to ask speakers to come to us now. We'll have room for two hundred women to attend ~~xxxxxxxx~~ a lecture. And, what an addition the Clubhouse is to Palo Alto, and to Stanford, too.

Mrs. Coburn:

We'll be able to work together here.

Enter Mrs. Gayheart carrying two plates of little cakes.

She is followed by Mrs. Dixon who is carrying the punch bowl.

Mrs. Gayheart:

That little kitchen is so handy. How lucky we are to have it. There is nothing like a handy kitchen to make parties easy.

She sets the cakes on the table and Mrs. Dixon puts down the punch bowl.

Mrs. Dixon:

I agree with you on that.

Mrs. Gayheart:

There, isn't that pretty? The little cakes are simply delicious.

Mrs. Coburn:

Some of that crowd should come in here now.

Mrs. Loder:

Let's go tell them, Mrs. Dixon.

They exit right. Mrs. Buchan carries one bouquet off.

Mrs. Gayheart:

It's time for the dancing to start, again. I do enjoy seeing the young people have a good time. Don't you, Mrs. Lakin?

Mrs. Lakin:

Yes, one thing that made us work so hard for this house, was the young people's need. There were times when we thought we'd simply have to give it up.

Mrs. Gayheart:
But all you workers kept us at it.

Mrs. Lakin:
You've worked on every party we've had, yourself.

Mrs. Gayheart:
It's worth the struggle. This one evening pays us for it all.

Mrs. Coburn:
Yes, it's a glorious triumph.

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The music starts and the dancers dance a two-step or waltz. Some couples gather around the table where Mrs. Gayheart presides over the punch. Mrs. Lakin and Mrs. Coburn join with the group around the punch. And as the music stops, the couples applaud as the curtain comes down.

Music before curtain rises "Over There", and then one stanza of "God Save Our Men", girls's voices.

SCENE V. A few days before Christmas 1917.

Mrs. Morrison, President of the Club -
Mrs. Gayheart -
Mrs. Hubbard -
Mrs. Lakin -
Mrs. Frink -

At the left of the stage is a large table at which Mrs. Frink and Mrs. Morrison are seated, and Mrs. Gayheart in a rocking chair sewing on a baby jacket. To the right of the stage is another table. There is a decorated Christmas tree on the stage.

Mrs. Gayheart: It seems strange that only a year ago we opened the club house, and now we are in a war, and I'm making bonnets for Belgian babies.

Mrs. Morrison (A little tired). The club house-warming seems a long time back. So much has happened. It was a triumph, but now we have the job of making payments to the bank at the same time that we are buying bonds and supporting European civilian relief. And now we're planning a Christmas party for ourselves on top of all that.

Mrs. Frink: It's a good thing that we didn't know that the war was coming or we wouldn't have had the courage to go ahead and build the house. I'm glad that we have it.

Mrs. Morrison (laughing). It's a good place for making bandages.

Mrs. Gayheart: And we were very fortunate to have it so that we could give parties for those boys stationed out at Camp Fremont. They're such nice boys and appreciate the parties so much. It's quite fun to have them out there. It makes me feel so safe.

Mrs. Frink: Of course we'll be able to use the Liberty Bonds that we buy to pay off the debt on the house after the war is over.



Mrs. Morrison: That's true, but I'm president now. It all seems a far-ery from our usual activities..

Sound of a slamming door and Mrs. Hubbard, a very young and pretty women enters right. Her arms are full of packages and she is dressed in outdoor clothes.

Mrs. Hubbard: Hello, everybody. Just wait until you see the things that I bought.

Mrs. Gayheart gets up and goes to her and helps her put the packages on the table. Mrs. Hubbard takes off her coat and helps Mrs. Gayheart unwrap the packages.

Mrs. Gayheart: Did You get the figs and nuts for the candy?

Mrs. Hubbard: Yes, but they're being delivered. I just brought the gifts. I'm getting such fun out of this party. I'm so glad that we're having it.

Mrs. Gayheart: Of course you are.

Mrs. Morrison: I suppose that we are entitled to spend a little money for our own private fun, but --- (she pauses doubtfully).

Mrs. Hubbard: It won't cost very much, and we've put money into bonds, and we've bought supplies for the Red Cross, and we've contributed to Belgian relief, and we've put on those parties for the souldiers. I want some fun myself. Everyone wants this Chris tmas party.

Mrs. Morrison: They apparently want it all right. But it takes a lot of energy to put on a party and we're all so busy.

Mrs. Hubbard: Don't act so dubious about it. We're going to have the party.

Mrs. Gayheart: I'm going to make the candy for the party out of groundfruit and nuts. It takes no sugar. It was in the book of war recipes that we got here at the Club along with the flourless bread and the meatless meat. (Pause.) That doesn't seem quite



possible but you know what I mean. Oh look, a combing jacket!

(she holds up a be-ribboned and embroidered combing jacket.)

Mrs. Morrison: How pretty!

Mrs. Gayheart: Well, yes, but I hope that I don't get it. For some reason it takes me much longer to comb my hair with a combing jacket.

Mrs. Hubbard: We have aprons. Would you prefer an apron? Where is the tissue paper and the ribbon?

Mrs. Gayheart: I've found it, dear.

They begin folding the tissue paper and wrapping the packages

Mrs. Hubbard: Can't you stop rolling bandages long enough to look at some of these things?

Mrs. Frink: I suppose we can.

Sound of door and Mrs. Kain enters right. She is dressed in outdoor clothes which she takes off and hangs up. They exchange greetings.

Mrs. Lakin: I'm sorry to be late.

Mrs. Morrison: That's all right. We're getting along.

Mrs. Lakin: I've been at the Base Hospital. It breaks my heart to see those boys out there so far from their homes on Christmas.

I wish that I could send each one of them home for the holidays.

Mrs. Gayheart: What a good idea. It would do them good. I should think with all the bonds we've been buying the Army could afford that.

Mrs. Lakin: Of course it's not possible, and they're all sick anyway.

Mrs. Hubbard: Isn't anything planned for them?

Mrs. Lakin: Not a thing. Some of them haven't even received presents from home.

Mrs. Hubbard: What a cold Christmas?

Mrs. Gayheart: Let's put on a Christmas party for them! We'll buy



each of them a gift.

Mrs. Morrison: We wouldn't have time.

Mrs. Frink: And I'm sure that we wouldn't have the money now.

Mrs. Morrison: We simply couldn't do it and have our own party, and everyone is so set on this party.

Mrs. Hubbard (begins to unwrap the package she is wrapping) I'm sure I can take thses things back and exchange them for gifts for thses boys.

Mrs. Gayheart: We'll take the Christmas tree over there, and the sugarless candy will be just fine for sick boys.

Mrs. Morrison: But we can't. The Club members are expecting their party. It would be too big a job. We would have to call everyone.

Mrs. Hubbard: Who cares! The Women's Club likes big jobs. Come on Mrs. Gayheart, I'll have to hurry to get these things back.

Mrs. Frink: I'll help with the telephoning.

Mrs. Lakin: I'll be glad to telephone too.

Mrs. Morrison: I think that this is a fine idea. Are you sure that you can stand giving up the party?

Mrs. Hubbard: This is much better.

Mrs. Gayheart: (Holding up the combing jacket) My, but Santa Claus is going to be surprised when he finds shaving lotion instead of combing jackets in the Women's Club Christmas bag.

CURTAIN and the men's quartet sings Christmas or patriotic songs.



MUSIC HATH CHARMS. SUN ROOM OF THE ARMY HOSPITAL FEB. 1944

CHARACTERS

MRS. DAVIS

MRS. WATTS

MRS. GILBOY

MRS. CRAWFORD

MRS. GAYHEART

JOE, HARRY, JIM, BOYD, REX, AND OTHERS AS NEEDED FOR MUSICIANS

SCENE. COMFORTABLE CHAIRS AND SMALL TABLE. FLOWERS AND FLOOR LAMP. JOE AND HARRY ARE SITTING AT THE TABLE PLAYING SOILTAIRE. JIM IS READING BOOKS OF FUNNIES. BOYD IS JUST SITTING. REX IS NOT ON STAGE. THE BOYS ARE DRESSED IN DRESSING GOWN AND SLIPPERS. AT RISE THERE IS SILENCE AS THE BOYS BLAY THEIR CARDS.

BOYD (SITTING STRETCHED OUT? YAWNS LOUDLY THEY YAWNS AND STRETCHES AGAIN) Ho Hum, what good's a sun-room when there's no sunshine?

JOE (WITHOUT LOOKING UP) Whatta you expect in February? It's bettern some places I can think of.

BOYD: Sure, sure! I'm not complain~~ing~~. I just get fed up with doin' nothin' all the time.

HARRY (PLAYING HIS CARDS ANXIOUSLY) Well do something then! Look out the window, play cards, -- read a book.

BOYD: Aw heck! I read one once.

JIM (SHUCKLES OUT LOUD) What a riot. Say! You ought to read this one Boyd.

BOYD: No thanks! I'd rather look out the window like Harry said. Never can tell! Something might come by. (MOVES LAZILY TOWARDS WINDOW AND YAWNS)

JOE: (PLAYING CARDS) Lost the game again. Eight times in a row! hope it's not a sign of the sort of luck I'm due for.

HARRY: Of course not. (SHUFFLES HIS CARDS) I won this game. But does that get me anywhere? -- Law of averages says I won't win again for a long time.

BOYD (EXCITEDLY) Hay! Fellows! Here some some women! (THE OTHERS) CROWD OVER TO THE WINDOW. ALL EXCEPT JIM WHO LAUGHS AGAIN THEN LOOKS UP TO SEE WHAT THE OTHERS ARE LOOKING AT)

JIM: Why All the rush? What's cooking?

BOYD: Visitors! That's what. -- We'd better get away from the window. They'd think we never saw no one before. (THE BOYS SCURRY BACK TO THEIR SEATS AND TRY TO APPEAR UNCONCERNED AS MRS. GILBOY? MRS. DAVIS, MRS. WATTS, MRS. CRAWFORD AND MRS. GAYHEART COME IN LOADED DOWN WITH MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS)

MRS. GILBOY: Hello Boys! Do any of you play instruments?

BOYD: (REACHING FOR AN INSTRUMENT) Do we! What a beauty! (HE STROKES IT) Almost like the one I have at home.

JIM: Say! That banjo looks good to me. Mind if I try it?

MRS. WATTS: That's what we brought them here for (HANDS IT TO HIM)

JOE: A Ukulele! They used to call me Ukulele Joe. (HE TAKES IT AND STRUMS IT)

MRS. DAVIS: OH! Don't mind us. Just look over these instruments.

MRS. GAYHEART (STILL EFFUSIVE THOUGH AGES SPEAKS TO HARRY) How about you? Have we anything here that suits you?

HARRY (LOOKING THEM OVER) Sure thing! This mandolin's just made for me.

(THE BOYS TUNE UP. STRUM A MOMENT OR TWO THEN SING. THE WOMEN ARRANGE THE FLOWERS ETC., WHILE LISTENING TO THE MUSIC)

MRS. WATTS: Play some more, Boys. You're real musicians. (THEY PLAY AGAIN. REX ENTERS AND STANDS UNTIL THEY FINISH. THEY STRUM SOFTLY DURING THE FOLLOWING)

MRS. GAYHEART: Such wonderful music. (SIGHING) Takes me back to the days of my girlhood. (EFFUSIVELY TO OTHER LADIES) At least we've secured these instruments. Surely now we can rest on our laurels!

MRS. DAVIS: Why Mrs. Gayheart! With self-improvement, mutual help and community work still to be done?

MRS. GAYHEART: OH, I don't mean exactley rest. I want to have another party. Maybe a party for the boys here. Or a big party just to celebrate all the work we've done. (SHE SITS DOWN MORE THAN A LITTLE TIRED)

REX: (GOING OVER TO OTHER BOYS) Say fellows! Where did you get these instruments? You almost caused a riot in the ward.

HARRY: ~~What~~ What do you mean riot? We weren't as bad as all that were we?

JIM: You'd better go back to your ward and shut the door if you don't like our music.

BOYD: Sure thing. We like it, don't we?

OTHERS: And how! You bet we do (Etc.)

REX: Don't get me wrong. We like it OK. That's why we almost had a riot. The kids started to pile out of bed. Everyone of them who'd ever played or sung before wanted to get in on it.

BOYD: I know how they felt! Maybe we could go in and play for them

REX: But they'd rather play themselves. Don't you see? -- How about it? Let me take in some of these instruments for a while.

MRS. WATTS (To others) Do you think we can get more instruments for the boys?

MRS. DAVIS: We must. That's ll there is to it.

MRS. GILBOY: (TO BOYS) How would you like it if we were able to bring you other instruments to play? Then the boys in the wards could play too?

REX (EXPANSIVELY) Lady! There soon wouldn't be anyone left in the wards. They'd all be well again. Music hath charms. You know!

MRS. DAVIS (TO LADIES) Then we'll work for it, ladies.

MRS. CRAWFORD: It's worth all our efforts.

MRS. GAYHEART (SUMMONING HER WANING ENERGY TO A FINAL SPARKLE)
Oh! We can have more parties to raise the money. (LAUGHS WITH ALMOST HER ORIGINAL LIGHTEARTEDNESS) Everyone in twon benefits when the Women's Club gives a benefit party!

REX: Yeah! And are we glad of that! (SNATCHES AN INSTRUMENT)
Tune her up, Boys! (THEY PLAY STIRRING TUNES AS THE CURTAIN FALLS)

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50TH ANNIVERSARY

Women's club is celebrating this year, too

"All interested in the organization of a Palo Alto women's club will meet June 13 at 3 p.m. at the Presbyterian Church."

It was that notice, tucked away in the personal columns of the Palo Alto Times for June 8, 1894, that led to the first organization of civic minded women of the brand new city.

Joining the municipality in celebrating its 50th anniversary this year is the Women's Club of Palo Alto, which got its start the afternoon of June 13 at the old Presbyterian Church. Minutes of that original meeting, kept by the club's secretary, pro tem, Mrs. A. P. Zschokke, read:

"Pursuant to a call for a general meeting of the ladies of Palo Alto, quite a number met... during the discussion which followed it was made clear that the club was to do practical work for its members and the community."

At the second meeting of the club, June 20, 1894, Mrs. Zschokke recorded, "The president (Mrs. E. L. Campbell) made a stirring address, congratulating Palo Alto upon being no longer a sort of half-orphan but now having both city fathers and mothers, thus insuring a prosperous future, a nurturing of its spiritual and refining issues as well as its material welfare."

The first of the many community contributions made to Palo Alto by its women's club was the public library. Club members held a "book social" to start its collection which was later augmented by a gift of books from the Young Men's Christian Association. They also raised money at a variety of benefits until they had enough volumes to start a library. This was operated by the club until 1903 when it was taken over by the city.

The women's club maintained and operated a gymnasium, worked for a public park and a community swimming pool, and, above all, for a public high school. The first high school was located, in fact, in Mrs. Zschokke's home.

The early days of the women's club are recalled today by Palo Alto pioneers, including Mrs. J. S. Lakin, who is the oldest living president of the group.

The planting of trees along University avenue was one of the principal projects of the club in the early days and Mrs. Lakin remembers touring the avenue in horse and buggy with watering cans to keep the young saplings alive.

In 1898 the club boasted 143 members and had joined the National Federation of Women's Clubs. In 1904 the club incorporated, bought a lot and started dreaming of a club house — which did not materialize until 1916.

P.A.T. 5/5/1944



AUG 1 1944

50th anniversary pageant is cast; rehearsals start

Women's club founders to be portrayed

A third generation Palo Alto woman who will play the role of her own grandmother, is a member of the cast in the pageant that will be given September 20 to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the founding of the Women's Club of Palo Alto.

Mrs. Thomas Leonard (Elizabeth Lakin) will take the part of her grandmother, Mrs. J. S. Lakin, who was one of the leading members of the club during its early days. Mrs. Lakin will coach her granddaughter in her part, and, of course, will be one of the most interested spectators when the pageant is presented in the women's clubhouse.

The casting of the historical pageant and the first reading of the script took place last night at a meeting at the home of Mrs. Carl W. Watts, the club president. The evening's activities were in charge of Mrs. Rosemary Hay who will direct the show.

August 1, 1944

TO TIMES AND PALO ALTO NEWS AND FRIDAY, AUG
PALO ALTO SHOPPING REVIEW, AUG 18

1944-45 WOMEN'S CLUB PROGRA OFFERS WIDE VARIETY: TO OPE WITH ANNIVERSARY PAGEANT

Leading off with the 50th anniversary celebration September 20, the 1944-45 program of the Women's Club of Palo Alto offers a wide variety of activities. A schedule that would be informative, educational and entertaining was the aim of Mrs. George H. Casaday, program chairman, and Mrs. Carl W. Watts, the club president.

Interest in the international aspects of today's world is also evidenced in the program which will include talks by Ake Malmaeus, Swedish vice consul and commercial attache; Estela Romauldez Sulit, who will talk on the Philippines, and John Kuropatkin Chapel, traveler and radio commentator.

Mrs. Watts will contribute to this phase of the program with a talk, "Childhood Memories from Sweden," to be presented October 18. Folk dancing and Mr. Malmaeus' talk are also scheduled for that day.

Children will participate in club's Christmas program, it planned. On the lighter side the spring fashion show and talk, "Cosmetics and Beauty," be given November 1 by Gertrude Witherspoon of Jose State College.

The pageant that will celebrate the club's half cent mark is now being rehearsed a large cast. It will be presented at the clubhouse.

Red Cross activities will be carried on during the coming club year. Members will meet sewing and other Red Cross activities at 567 Melville avenue the new Red Cross headquarters instead of at the clubhouse was done last year.

The first regular meeting of the club will be on Wednesday October 4, when Mrs. Charles Cray, president of the Palo Alto School Board, will discuss "Meeting the Needs of Our Children."

August 18, 1944

Marching along together sharing every smile and tear
Marching along together whistling till the skies are clear
Seinging along the highway over the road that's wide
Without a bugle without a drum we mean to chase the Jinx
Oh rum-ti-did-dle dee here we come

we're happy Hinky Dinks

Marching along together life is wonderful side by side.

Marching along together no one's gonna stop us now
Marching along together no one's gonna top us now
Rolling along the Highway sailing the sky and sea
Oh rum-ti-did-dle dee beat the drum and hold on to your lids
Oh rum-ti-did-dle dee here we come,
The Yankee Doodle Kids marching along together
All together to Victory.

The Women's Club of Palo Alto

cordially invites you to attend its

Fiftieth Anniversary Pageant

in the Clubhouse

Homer Avenue and Camper Street, Palo Alto

Wednesday, September 20, 1944

at eight o'clock

Please respond to—
Miss Adeline Worrell, 9546
or Mrs. M. A. Madden, 8123

Invitation



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